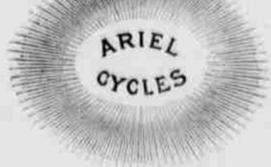


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MY FOREST PATH.

I know a path all fringed with ferns,
A woodland path with many turns,
Where in the overarching trees,
That toss their heads in every breeze,
The wild birds carol sweetest lays
In vesper song and matin praise.
I sit me down, and at my feet
The light and shade, coquetting meet.
The hardest sounds that greet my ear
Are tinkling bells in pastures near,
And rippling waves that to the shore
Repeat their story evermore.
Oh, fitful lake! so like my heart,
Thy moods strange thoughts within me start.
Like thee, I sometimes seem at rest,
But oft by surging cares oppressed.
Yet not today to wearied brain
Shall vexing problems come again.
The lake its soothing music hath,
And blessed peace my forest path.
—Anna S. Hunt in Boston Woman's Journal.

MARS' TOM'S GRAVE.

A Faithful Old Colored Servant Devoted to His Late Master.
"I saw a pathetic instance at Greensboro of a negro's fidelity," said W. L. Williams, a traveling man. "About ten miles from the town I saw a grave with a marble slab at its head. Seated near it was an old negro with a bunch of flowers which he was placing over the mound. I stopped my horse and spoke to him."

"Whose grave is that, uncle?" I asked.
"Mars' Tom's, boss. I 'ze his nigger."
"Oh, no. You are no man's nigger now. Didn't you know that you were free?"

"Dunno nuffin 'bout dat, sah. I 'ze Mars' Tom's nigger, sah, an he's waitin' for me snah up dah. Dese han's done tote 'im from dat place dey call Shiloh, an he died while I wah a-totin' 'im. Jest closed he eyes an went ter sleep, an when I comes ter cross de ribber of Jordan he jest hole out his han's an he tells de angel at de gate who I be, an he let me in. I dreamed 'bout it las' night, boss."

"I was interested in the old fellow and wanted to hear his story. The slab at the grave told me that it was that of Colonel Tom Winn, killed at the battle of Shiloh, and I questioned the faithful negro further:

"How old are you, uncle?"
"Most a hundred, I reckon, sah."

"Was you in the war?"
"Went wif Mars' Tom, sah. I 'ze his nigger, an he's in heaben. I 'ze jest a-waitin' till dese ole bones, weary trawling over de road, 'll take mo ter de ribber, when Mars' Tom 'll help his ole nigger ober."

"Were you with him when he was killed?"

"I was right dar, boss. Done pick 'im up an tote 'im ter dat place dey call Corinth. Den I found a train; got ter de place dey call Chattanooga. De nex' day we wah in Atlanta. Mars' Tom den in his glory. Dis heah nigger left ter 'ten his body. Dey buried 'im when I got 'im heah, an dis nigger jest left ter 'ten his grave an keep de flowers hyah."

"I found upon inquiry that the story was true, and for a quarter of a century the faithful negro had done nothing but attend the grave of his young master, whose body he brought from northern Mississippi to central Georgia."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Application Embarrassed.

There lives in a certain small town a poor minister who has a large family which his salary does not begin to cover (literally), so the congregation have donated cast off clothing for the children, and even the poor minister's wife goes to church in the last year's bonnet and cloak of a deacon's wife. The poor lady has grown used to this and does the best she can with the conglomeration of dresses, cloaks and hats which are sent her, though the result is sometimes rather tragic. However, she has always felt that she did nobly by the children, and if the dresses and coats and cloaks and trousers were misfits none was ever unkind enough to say anything about it. One Sunday, however, she dressed the nine hopefuls with great care and marched them to the church. She was a little late, and just as she opened the door and started up the aisle her husband thundered from the pulpit, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He did not see the joke, but the congregation tittered, and the mother was ready to cry.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Dispelling an Illusion.

One of my readers wants to know the correct pronunciation of the word "Llanthony." It is always a painful thing to me to dispel the prevalent illusion that newspaper editors know everything, but owing, I suppose, to the fact that I was taught Latin and Greek in my youth, when I ought to have been learning the tongues of the living, I have grown up ignorant of the proper pronunciation of Llanthony. All I can boast of is a general idea that in Welsh most of the consonants are vowels and most of the vowels sounds which no Englishman can hope to imitate. But if any of my readers can throw any light on "Llanthony" I shall be happy to assist in spreading it.—London Truth.

Curran's Retort.

Curran's friend was tickled by the orator's retort apropos of the jury system. The friend was bragging of his attachment to it and said, "With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" "Oh," said Curran in amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!"

"The indians called the French cross-iver Tockyste, the 'Little Roarer.'"

NO DOG IN HER HOUSE.

A Boarding House Keeper Tells Why She Has Made This Rule.

Persons with dogs and other pets meet with a cold and clammy reception in New York boarding houses. They may occasionally steal into fashionable flats, where the landlord or agent has no direct means of circumventing them, but when it comes to the boarding house things are a little more definite.

A nice looking married couple went into a Twenty-third street boarding house the other day and were made comfortable. After the first dinner the lady was observed scraping together some dainties from the board to take to her room. The landlady, who is a woman of great decision of character, heard of it, and her knock was shortly afterward heard at the door of the new boarders. The latter were immediately notified that either they or the dog must vacate at once.

"If I cannot keep my darling Xenophon, we'll move," protested the owner of the dog, who practiced the principle of "Love me, love my dog."

"Then you'll have to move," said the landlady firmly. "I'm not keeping a dog kennel."

"How in the world they ever got that dog in here without my seeing it," said she, after the obnoxious Xenophon had been disposed of, "is more than I can understand. I've had all I want of dogs. A gentleman used to keep a small but ferocious bulldog in his room where I once lived. He was the ugliest brute I ever laid my eyes on—the dog, not the man. That dog wouldn't let anybody but his owner tamper with him. The man used to lug him around with him everywhere he went. One night, when the man came in, he was feeling so oblivious to earthly things that he left his dog locked in the vestibule. The next boarder who came in got no farther than the vestibule and landed down the steps with a square yard of trousers missing. He was soon joined by another boarder, who wanted to come to bed. They rang the bell until several of us came down to see what was the matter. On opening the door the dog sprang for us as if he hadn't been fed for a week and wanted anything that came handy, but we slammed the door to again just in time. As we could not awaken the owner we had to leave the dog there till morning, and those who were outside had to go to a hotel. In the morning everybody had to go and come by the servant's entrance until the owner of the animal came down and got us out of the fix."

"What did he say?"

"Say! Why, he abused us all as a set of brutes for keeping his dog locked up there and gathered it up under his arm and took it up stairs as if had been a piece of Dresden china! And the boarders who had been locked out left the house for good the next day. We got rid of the dog, but not until it had half-depopulated the establishment."—Chicago Tribune.

The Awakening Tiger.

Between the drowsy sleep of the nocturnal animals and the hypersensitive sleep of those which spend their lives in constant fear of their enemies a place must be found for the form of slumber enjoyed by the large carnivora and that of domestic animals. The former have no enemies to fear except man, and the latter, protected by man, enjoy to the full the blessing of natural rest.

Tigers are frequently found fast asleep in the daytime. Native hunters have been known to track them after a "kill" to the place in which they were lying fast asleep and gorged with food and to shoot them as they lie. When taking his midday repose in districts where it is little disturbed, the tiger does not always retire to a place of security, like the bear, or even the leopard, which usually sleeps on the branch of a tree. It just lies down in some convenient spot, either shady or warm, according to the weather, and there sleeps almost regardless of danger. They have been found lying in dry nullahs, under trees and even in the grass of the hillsides unobserved until their disturber came within a few yards of them.

General Douglas Hamilton, when shooting in the Dandilly forest, came upon a tigress and two cubs lying fast asleep on their backs, with their paws sticking up in the air, under a clump of bamboo. When he was within a few yards of the group, one raised its head and without moving its body quietly looked at him along the line of its body between its paws. Tigers kept in captivity awaken gradually, stretching and yawning like a dog.—London Spectator.

A Quid Pro Quo.

He was only first consul then, and I was consul general—for the United States of course—and we were very intimate, notwithstanding the difference in rank, for I waived that. One day something offered the opening, and he said:

"Well, general, I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was."

I fairly shouted, for I had never heard it sound better, and then I was back at him quick as a flash:

"Right, your excellency. But I reckon a Frenchman's got his little standby for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in as if he can find out who his father was."

Well, you should have heard him just whoop and cackle and carry on. He reached over and hit me on the shoulder and said:

"Land, but it's good! It's immensely good! I George, I never heard it said so good in my life before. Say it again."

So I said it again, and he said his again, and I said mine again, and then he did, and then I did, and then he did, and we kept on doing it and doing it, and I never had such a good time, and he said the same. In my opinion there isn't anything that is as killing as one of those dear old ripe pensioners if you know how to snatch it out in a kind of a fresh sort of original way.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

JAPANESE RITES.

Frederick Villiers Describes Funerals After the Battle of Ping-Yang.

Many of the sick and wounded who die are cremated. Their ashes are collected, placed in small square boxes, interred for a time in the little cemetery outside the foreign settlement at Chumulpo, and after awhile exhumed and sent to Japan. The ceremony I beheld in Chemulpo after the fight at Ping-Yang was not impressive or solemn, but simply curious. Eighty bodies had been cremated in various parts of the country and forwarded to the treaty port in small boxes. These were placed in two large, black cases at the hospital, and preceded by a motley group of coolies, citizens and soldiers were carried to the burial plot.

First came coolies with branches of foliage and white streamers in their hands. Then a few soldiers, marching with reversed arms. Immediately preceding the black cases was a Shinto priest in yellow kimono and a black gauze shako. Round his neck was a purple cord, at the end of which hung a fan. In his right hand was a flute, which from time to time as the procession wended its way he tooted on, producing an inharmonious sound which reminded me of my own attempts on that instrument when a boy. The coolies, the followers and the lookers on seemed to treat the whole thing more as a good joke than a solemn function and chatted and laughed to their hearts' content.

Arrived at the cemetery, the procession halted before the altar, on which were placed bottles of sake, fruits, eggs and birds of various kinds, including a live rooster. Behind this hospitable board were placed the remains of the 80 bodies. The Shinto priest, who stood alone before the edibles, stretched out his hands and made several passes with his fan in the direction of the rooster, groaned aloud, then clapped his hands three times, after which he indulged a little on the flute. Then he groaned again, straightened himself, retired a few paces, took several paces to the left and right, then advanced again, groaned and tooted. He then requested by a sign one of the mourners to advance and take his place.

He then handed one of the branches of foliage to the gentleman and retired. The mourner proceeded to lay the branch on a small table in front of the altar, then saluted and moved away to allow another mourner to take his place. When all the branches were piled on the table, the black cases were opened and the small square boxes taken out by the coolies and carefully interred. The Shinto priest retired to the bosom of his family, with the sake bottle, the live rooster and the rest of the chow. In lieu of tombstones, the Japs use, when campaigning, small wooden posts to mark the resting place of their dead.—Frederick Villiers.

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American Cities a Hundred Years Ago.

When Washington was inaugurated, Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the country, had only about 42,000 people, New York but 33,000, Boston 18,000, Baltimore 13,000 and no other city anywhere near 10,000. Even after the lapse of half a century, during which New York had overtaken Philadelphia, so that in 1840 it had 312,000 inhabitants to the latter city's 268,000, Baltimore and New Orleans were the only other places with more than 100,000 people, and except Boston, with 93,000, all of the few remaining cities fell short of 50,000. During the formative period of the new nation, therefore, all but the merest fraction of its citizens lived in places of small population, the local affairs of which were easily administered through town meetings or other such simple machinery.—New York Post.

Good Advice.

Be sure you are right, and then stop, if there is any danger of your going wrong.—Picaune.

THAWING OUT FROZEN MEAT.

A Dark Room Treatment Before Leaving the Cold Storage House.

According to the process invented by Messrs. Nelson Bros. for thawing frozen meat in such a way as to put it on the market in a sound condition and avoid the many objections to which the sale of the meat while still in a frozen state was open, the chamber of the apparatus is provided with double doors, one of which is extremely thick, so as to shut out, as far as possible, all external atmosphere. The chamber has no windows, but is supplied with electric light.

On entering one sees only some 80 quarters of beef hanging in rows on hooks over a slightly raised open platform, with a canvas curtain at the back. Under this platform, however, there is a series of steam pipes, while behind the curtain there is a series of pipes filled with compressed ammonia, similar to those used in connection with the ordinary freezing processes. The steam pipes under the meat cause a current of warm air to ascend all around it, and as soon as this current reaches the top of this chamber it is drawn to the freezing pipes behind the curtain, by which all the moisture is frozen out of it, on to the pipes themselves. It accumulates there in the form of snow some three-quarters of an inch in thickness.

The snow has to be scraped off the pipes from time to time, and it is stated that the accumulation during five days, in the thawing of 30 quarters of beef, has resulted in no fewer than 168 pounds of water. During that same period the meat has lost only 1 per cent in weight. The purpose of the canvas curtain is to divide the ascending warm current from the descending cold current, and it is claimed that the effect of this incessant passing of the air first over the steam pipes and then over the freezing pipes is eventually to free it from all moisture. When the meat is first hung, the temperature of the room is almost at freezing point, but on the fifth day the temperature of the chamber has been raised to that of the air outside. By this time the frost has all been thawed out of the meat, which is then in a condition to be sent to market.—London Invention.

ROMANY'S PRINCE WILLIAM.

He Lives Near East Hartford—His Tribe Are Noted Horse Trainers.

One of the most famous representatives of Romany Rye in this country is Prince William, as he is called, who, with his family, lives near East Hartford. There are branches of the family at New Haven and Bridgeport. The East Hartford branch of the family is the main branch.

The Williames are all horse dealers. Attached to their residence are stables which, in winter, always contain a stock of fine blooded draft horses.

One of the interesting sights at the stables are the wagons that are used by Prince William and his family when they go off on their annual nomadic pleasure trips. These wagons cost from \$1,000 to \$2,500. Prince William's private wagon cost \$2,500 and is fitted up in regal style.

In these trips around the country the whole family joins. These trips are made in the summer, spare horses being taken along and sold or traded. This means a cavalcade of a dozen fancy wagons and about 100 horses.

The start is made about the 1st of August, the entire family—men, women and children—being taken along. The party keeps together, traveling by easy stages, about 20 miles a day being considered a good journey. When in a hurry, they can make 40 miles a day.

The place selected for the night's rest is usually a grove. There the wagons are drawn up in a circle, fires are lighted and the evening meal prepared.

After supper the whole party gather around Prince William's tent or wagon, and the affairs of the family are discussed. A watchman patrols the camp all night to watch the horses.—New York Times.

Compound Rhyming Words.

In the south they have a very expressive phrase for one indifferently well—"frobly-mobly"—and to be in "mubble-fubble" signifies low spirits. In Leeds, when a person is overpowered with astonishment, he is said to be "much struck," a phrase forcible but scarcely polite. "Huek-muek" is an expression of like character, meaning foul, miry, and in Devonshire a bedraggled, bemirched person is said to be "muckson up to the hickson."

In Gloucestershire a wavering, unstable or worthless man is called a "meckle-keckle fellow," and it is worthy of remark that in Derbyshire poor ore is called "keckle-meckle." An awkward simpleton is called "hanvey-gauvey" in the neighborhood of Leeds. In Warwickshire they style such a one as "hobgoblin," or else it is from "hob," a lout, and "bog," a lump. "Gobbins-shire" is the abode—"that never was writ in the traveler's chart"—of uncouth folk. They say of a slovenly loafer in south Cheshire:

Gobbins-shire, Gobbins-shire of Gobbins-shire
Green,
The roughest owd beggar as ever was seen.
—All the Year Around.

First Patent in America.

The first patent granted in America was issued by the general court of Boston, March 6, 1646, to Joseph Jenks for his invention of a water wheel. A facsimile copy has recently been placed in the patent office.